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## TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

DAME ELEANOR SELBY.

Among the pastoral mountains of Cumberland, dwells an unmingled and patriarchal race of people, who live in a primitive manner, and retain many peculiar usages different from their neighbors of the valley and the town. They are imagined by antiquarians to be descended from a colony of Saxon herdsmen and warriors, who, establishing themselves among the mountainous wastes, quitted conquest and spoliation for the peaceful vocation of tending their flocks, and managing the barter of their rustic wealth for the luxuries fabricated by their more ingenious neighbors. In the cultivation of corn they are unskilful or uninstructed; but in all that regards sheep and cattle, they display a knowledge and a tact which is the envy of all who live by the fleece and shears. Their patriarchal wealth enables them to be hospitable, and dispense an unstinted boon among all such people as chance, curiosity, or barter, scatter over their inheritance. It happened on a fine summer afternoon, that I found myself engaged in the pursuit of an old dog-fox, which annually eluded the vigilance of the most skilful huntsmen; and leaving Keswick far behind, pursued my cunning adversary from glen to cavern, till, at last, he fairly struck across an extensive track of upland, and sought refuge from the hotness of our pursuit in one of the distant mountains. I had proceeded far on this wide and desolate track, ere I became fatigued and thirsty, and—what true sportsmen reckon a much more serious misfortune—found myself left alone and far behind—while the shout and the cheer of my late companions began to grow faint and fainter, and I at last heard only the bleat of the flocks or the calling of the curlew. The upland on which I had entered appeared boundless on all sides, while amid the brown wilderness arose innumerable green grassy knolls, with clumps of small black cattle and sheep grazing or reposing on their sides and summits. They seemed so many green islands floating amid the ocean of brown blossom, with which the heath was covered. I stood on

one of the knolls, and looking around, observed a considerable stream gushing from a small copse of hazel and lady-fern, which seeking its way into a green and narrow glen, pursued its course with a thousand freakish windings and turnings. While following with my eye the course of the pure stream, out of which I had slaked my thirst, I thought I heard something like the sound of human voice coming up the glen; and, with the hope of finding some of my bailed companions of the chase, I proceeded along the margin of the brook. At first, a solitary and stunted alder, or hazel bush, or mountain ash, in which the hawk or the hooded crow had sought shelter for their young, was all the protection the stream obtained from the rigor of the mid-day sun. The glen became broader and the stream deeper,—gliding over a bed of pebbles, shining, large, and round,—half seen, half hid, beneath the projection of the grassy sward it had undermined; and raising all the while that soft and simmering din, which contributes so much of the music to pastoral verse. A narrow foot-path, seldom frequented, wind- ed with the loops and turns of the brook. I had wandered along the margin nearly half a mile, when I approached a large and doddered tree of green holly, on the top of which sat a raven, gray-backed and bald-headed from extreme age, looking down intently on something which it thought worthy of watching beneath. I reached the tree unheard or unheeded,—for the soft soil returned no sound to my foot; and on the sunward side I found a woman seated on the grass. She seemed bordering on seventy years of age—with an unbent and unbroken frame—a look of lady-like stateliness—and an eye of that sweet and shining hazel color, of which neither age nor sorrow had been able to dim the glance. Her mantle,—once green, and garnished with flowers of metal at the extremities, lay folded at her feet, together with a broad flat straw hat—an article of dress common seventy or eighty years ago, and a long staff worn smooth as horn by daily employment. Her hair, nut-brown and remarkably long in her youth, was

now become as white as December's snow, and its profusion had also yielded like its color to time,—for it hung, or rather flowed, over her shoulders in solitary ringlets, and scarcely afforded a minute's employment to her fingers—which seemed to have been once well acquainted with arranging in all its beauty one of nature's finest ornaments. As she disposed of each tress, she accompanied the motion of her hands with the verse of a legendary ballad, which she chaunted unconscious of my presence, and which probably related to an adventure of her ancestors.

LADY SELBY.

On the holly tree sat a raven black,  
And at its foot a lady fair  
Sat singing of sorrow, and shedding down  
The tresses of her nut-brown hair;  
And aye as that fair dame's voice awoke,  
The raven broke in with a chorussing croak.

"The steeds they are saddled on Derwent banks;  
The banners are streaming so broad and free;  
The sharp sword sits at each Selby's side,  
And all to be dyed for the love of me:  
And I maun give this lilie-white hand  
To him who wields the wightest brand.

"She coost her mantle of satin so fine,  
She kiited her gown of the deep-sea green,  
She wound her locks round her brow, and flew  
Where the swords were glimmering sharp and sheen:  
As she flew the trumpet awoke with a clang,  
And the sharp blades smote and the bow-strings sang.

"The streamlet that ran down the lonely vale,  
Aneath its banks, half seen, half hid,  
Seem'd melted silver—at once it came down  
From the shocking of horseman—reeking and red;  
And that lady flew—and she utter'd a cry,  
As the riderless steeds came rushing by.

"And many have fallen—and more have fled:—  
All in a nook of bloody ground  
That lady sat by a bleeding knight,  
And strove with her fingers to staunch the wound:  
Her locks, like sun-beams when summer's in pride,  
She pluck'd and placed on his wounded side.

"And aye the sorer that lady sigh'd,  
The more her golden locks she drew—

The moon's rays—her ruddy light—  
The faster and faster came trickling through:—  
On a softer sight nether looked the moon  
That o'er the green moorland came glancing  
down.

"He lay with his sword in the pale moonlight;  
All mute and pale she lay at his side—  
He, sheathed in mail from brow to heel—  
See, in her maiden blood and pride:  
And their beds were made, and the lovers were  
laid,  
All under the gentle holly's shade.

"May that Selby's right hand wither and rot,  
That fails with flower their bed to sow;  
May a foreign grave be his who doth rend  
Away the shade of the holly bough:—  
But let them sleep by the gentle river,  
And waken in love that shall last for ever."

As the old dame ceased her song, she opened her lap, from which she showered a profusion of flowers—such as are gathered rather in the wood or the wild than the garden, on two green ridges which lay side by side beneath the shade of the green holly. At each handful she strewed she muttered, in an under tone, what sounded like the remains of an ancient form of prayer; when turning toward the path she observed me, and said, "Youth, comest though here to smile at beholding a frail woman strew the dust of the beautiful and the brave with mountain-thyme, wild mint, and scented hawthorn?" I bowed her by a tone of submission and reverence. "Eleanor Selby may the curse of the ballad, which thou saigest even now, be mine, if I come to scorn those who honor the fair and the brave. Had I known that the ancient lovers, about whom we so often sang, slept by this lonely stream, I would have sought Cumberland for the fairest and rarest flowers to shower on their grassy beds." "I well believe thee youth," said the old dame, mollified at once by my respect for the surname of Selby,—"how could I forget the altar of Lanercost and thee? There he flew at thy willful and forward time of life, who would not mock the poor wandering woman, and turn her wayward affections into ridicule; but I see thy respect for her sitting shining in these sweet and moist eyes of hazel." While she indulged in this language she replaced her long white locks under her bonnet, resumed her mantle and her staff, and, having adjusted all to her liking, and taken a look at the two graves, and at the raven who still maintained his seat on the summit of the bush, she addressed me again. "But, come youth, come—the sun is fast walking down the side of the western

mountains: Fremmet-ha is a good mile distant; and we will be wise to seek the friendship of its porch, with an unset sun above our heads. She took my hand, and exerting an energy I little expected, we descended the glen together, keeping company with the brook, which received and acknowledged, by an augmented murmur, the accession of several lesser streams. At length we came where the glen suddenly expanding into a beautiful vale, and the brook into a small deep and clear lake, disclosed to my sight the whole domestic establishment of one of the patriarchal portions of the mountainous regions of Cumberland. On the northern side of the valley, and fronting the mid-day sun, stood a large old-fashioned house, constructed of rough and undressed stones, such as are found in abundance on the northern uplands, and roofed with a heavy coating of heath near an ell in thickness—the whole secured with bands of wood and ropes of flax, in a manner that resembled the cheeks of a highland plaid. Something which imitated a shepherd's crook and a sheathed sword was carved on a piece of lown stone in the front, and underneath was cut in rude square raised letters "RANDAL RODE, 1515." The remains of old defences were still visible to a person of an antiquarian turn; but sheep-folds, cattle-folds, and swine-pens, usurped the trench and the rampart, and filled the whole southern side of the valley. In the middle of the lake, shattered walls of squared stone were visible, and deep in the clear water a broken and narrow causeway might be traced, which once secured to the proprietor of the mansion, a safe retreat against any hasty incursion from the restless borderers; who, in former times, were alternately the plunderers or defenders of their country. The descendants of Randal Rode seemed to be sensible that their lot was cast in secure times, and instead of practising with the cross-bow, or that still more fatal weapon the hand-bow, or with the sword, or with the spear; they were collected on a small green plat of ground on the margin of the lake, to the number of twelve or fourteen, indulging in the rustic exercises of wrestling, leaping, throwing the bar, and casting the stone. Several old white-headed men were seated at a small distance on the ground, maidens continually passed backwards and forwards with pails of milk, or with new-moulded cheese, casting a casual glance at the pastime of the young men—the valley all the while re-murmuring with the din of the various contests.

As we approached, a young man who had thrown the stone—a pebble massy and round—beyond all the marks of his companions, perceived us coming, and came running to welcome the old woman with all the unrestrained joyousness of eighteen. "Welcome Dame Eleanor Selby, welcome to Fremmet-ha—for thy repose I have ordered a soft warm couch, and from no fairer hands than those of Maudiline Rode—and for thy gratification, as well as mine own, have I sought far and wide for a famous ballad of the Selbys, but we are fallen on evil days—for the memory of our oldest men only yielded me fragments—these I have pieced together, and shall gladly sing it with all the grace I may." "Fair fall thee youth, said the old woman, pleased at the revival of a traditional rhyme recording the fame of her house—thy companions are all clods of the valley—no better than the stones they cast, the bars they heave, and the dull earth they leap upon, compared to thee. But the Selby's blood within thee overcomes that of the Rodes." The young man came close to her ear, and in an interceding whisper, said, "It is true, Dame Eleanor Selby, that my father is but a tender of flocks, and nowise comparable to the renowned house of Selby, with whom he had the fortune to intermarry—but by the height of Skiddaw, and the depth of Solway, he is as proud of his Saxon blood as the loftiest of the land; and the welcome of that person would be cold, and his repulse certain, who should tell him the unwelcome tale that he wedded above his degree. "Youth, youth," said the old woman, with hasty and marked impatience, "I shall, for thy sake, refrain from comparing the churlish name of Rode with the gentle name of Selby; but I would rather sit a winter night on Skiddaw than have the best who bear the name of Rode to imagine that the hem of a Selby's robe had not more of gentleness than seven acres of Rodes's. But thou hast promised me a song—even let me hearken to it now in the free open air—sitting by an ancient summer seat of the Selbys—it will put me in a mood to enter thy mother's abode." She seated herself on the margin of the lake, while young Randal Rode, surrounded by his companions, sang in a rough free voice, the legendary ballad of which I had the good fortune to obtain a copy, through the kindness of old Eleanor.

ROLAND GRAEME.

The trumpet has rung on Helvellyn side,  
The eagle in Derwent vale;  
And an hundred steeds came hurrying feet,



With an hundred men in mad :  
And the gathering cry, and the warning word  
Was—"all the quiver and sharpen the sword."

And away they bound—the mountain deer  
Starts at their helmet's flash :—  
And away they go—the brooks ebb out  
With a hoarse and a murmuring dash ;  
The foam flung from their steeds as they go  
Srews all their track like the drifting snow.

What foe do they chase, for I see no foe ;  
And yet all spurr'd and gored :  
Thir good steeds fly—say, seek they work  
For the fleet hound or the sword ?  
I see no foe—yet a foe they pursue,  
With bow and brand, and horn and halloo.

Sir Richard spurs on his bonnie brown steed,  
Sir Thomas spurs on his black ;  
There is an hundred steeds, and each  
Has a Selby on its back :  
And the meanest man there that draws a brand,  
His silver spurs and a Baron's land.

The Eden is deep in flood—lo ! look  
How it dashes from bank to bank :  
To them it seems but the bonnie green lea,  
Or the vale with brackens rank.—  
They brave the water, and breast the banks,  
And slake the flood and foam from their flanks.

The winding and haunted Eske is nigh,  
With its woodlands wide and green ;  
• Our steeds are white with foam ; shall we wash  
Their flanks in the river sheen ?  
But their steeds may be doomed to a sterner task—  
Before they pass the woodland Eske.

All at once they stoop on their horses' necks,  
And utter a long shrill shout ;  
And hurry their spurs in their courser's flanks,  
And pluck their bright blades out ;  
The spurr'd-up turf is scatter'd behind,  
For they go as the hawk when he sails with the wind.

Before them not far on the lilled lea  
There is a fair youth flying ;  
And at his side rides a lovely maid,  
Oft looking back and sighing :—  
On his basnet dances the heron's plume,  
And fans the maid's cheeks all of ripe rose bloom.

"Now do thy best my bonnie grey steed,  
And carry my true love over,  
And thy corn shall be served in a silver dish,  
And heap'd and running over—  
O bear her safe through dark Eske fords,"  
And leave me to cope with her kinsmen's swords.

Proud looked the steed, and had braved the flood,  
Had it foam'd a full mile wider ;  
Turn'd his head in joy, and his eyes seemed to say,  
I'm proud of my lovely rider ;  
And though Selbys stood thick as the leaves on  
the tree,  
All scathless I'd bear thee o'er mountain and lea.

A rushing was heard on the river banks,  
Wide rung wood, rock, and inn—  
And that instant an hundred horsemen at speed  
Came foaming and fearless in.  
"Turn back—turn back thou Scottish loon,  
Let us measure our swords 'neath the light of the moon."

An hundred horsemen leap'd lightly down,  
With their silver spurs all ringing ;  
And drew back, as Sir Richard his good blade  
bared,  
While the signal trump kept singing ;  
And Roland Graeme down his mantle threw  
With a martial smile, and his bright sword drew.

With a measuring eye and a measured pace  
Nigher they came and nigher ;  
Then made a bound and made a blow,  
And the smote helms yielded fire :  
December's hail, or the thunder blast,  
Nether flash'd so bright, or fell so fast.

"Now yield thee, Roland, and give me back  
Lord Selby's beauteous daughter ;  
Else I shall sever thy head and leave't  
To thy light love o'er the water."—  
"My sword is steel, Sir Richard, like thine,  
And thy head's as loose on thy neck as mine."

And again their dark eyes flash'd, and again  
They closed—on sweet Eske side,  
The ring-doves sprung from their roosts, for the  
blows

Were echoing far and wide :  
Sir Richard was stark, and young Roland was  
strong ;  
And the combat was fierce but it lasted not long.

There's blood upon young Roland's blade,  
There's blood on Sir Richard's brand ;  
There's blood showered o'er their weeds of steel,  
And rain'd on the grassy land :  
But blood to a warrior's like dew to a flow'r ;  
The combat but wax'd still more deadly and dour.

A dash was heard in the moonlight Eske,  
And up its banks of green ;  
Fair Edith Selby came with a shriek  
And knelt the knights between :  
Oh, spare him, Sir Richard ! she held her white  
hands,  
All spotted with blood 'neath her merciless brands.

Young Roland looked down on his true love and  
smiled,

Sir Richard look'd also, and said—  
"Curse on them that true love would sunder"  
—he sheath'd

With his broad palm his berry-brown blade,  
And long may the Selbys abroad and at home,  
Find a friend, and a foe like the good gallant  
Graeme.

While the ballad proceeded, the old re-  
presentative of the house of Selby sat with  
a look of demure dignity and importance,  
and regarded this minstrel remembrance of

the forcible engrafting of the predatory  
name of Graeme on the stately tree of the  
Selbys, with a look of the darkest displea-  
sure. When the youth finished, she arose  
hastily, and elevating herself to her utmost  
stature, said : "May that ignorant minstrel  
be mute for ever—or confine his strains to  
the beasts of the field, and the churls who  
tend them, who has presumed to fashion  
the ballad of Roland Graeme's wooing of  
Edith Howard of Naworth into a rhyme  
reproaching with this ungente marriage  
the spotless house of Selby. A gentle  
Selby wed a border Graeme ! may the  
heavens forbid !—who will lay a dog in a  
deer's den ? No—said she, muttering in  
continuance, as she walked into the house  
of her ancestors ; we have had sad mishaps  
among us—but nothing like that. One  
branch of the stately Selby-tree carried the  
kite's nest of a Forster, another the rook's  
nest of a Rode—but neither scion nor bough  
have sheltered the hooded-crow brood of  
the men of the debateable land. Men  
neither of predatory Scotland nor haugh-  
ty England, but begotten in the haste of  
a mutual inroad—and the herald's office  
cannot imagine by whom." The mutter-  
ings of the wayward woman fell unregard-  
ed in the ear of fair Madeline Rode, one of  
the sweetest maidens that ever pressed  
curd or milked ewes among the pastoral  
mountains of Cumberland. She welcomed  
old Eleanor with one of those silent glan-  
ces which says so much, and spread her a  
seat ; and ministered to her with the de-  
meanor of the humblest handmaid of the  
house of Selby, when its splendor was  
fullest. This modest kindness soon had its  
effect on the mutable descendant of this  
ancient house ; she regained her serenity,  
and her wild legends, and traditional tales  
were related to no ungrateful ears.

#### LITERARY.

##### THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS.

"Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host !  
Fruitful of folly and of vice." Addison.

How shall we call them ? the New  
Road in London ? certainly not :—the  
City Road ? less again ;—the circular  
Road of Dublin ? not a bit of it ;—a pub-  
lic walk ? not altogether ;—the Park at  
Brussels ? insipid compared with them ;—  
the lounge of Bond-street, &c. ? no, that  
scene is too confided ;—the ramparts of any  
town ? stiffness, formality, and the remains  
of fortifications contradict the comparison.  
The Boulevards are like an unmasked mas-  
querade, a speaking pantomime, an ani-  
mated puppet show, a living magic lantern,

an exchange where trade and commerce are not the object of bustle and interest, and a bazaar of beauty, of traffic, of amusements, of odd articles, and of matchless varieties as well of the living actors as of the localities of the scene. From the Boulevard de la Madeleine to that of Montmartre, all in fashion, fancy, intrigue, ogling, idleness, amusement, dissipation, lounging on chairs, fluttering at ice-houses, restaurateurs and coffee-house-doors, prints, sales, private bargains and public shows, pretty-women, dashing carriages, flower vendors and fun. The English sauntering from the *cue de la Pair* to meet novelty, surprise, and unperceived satire; foreigners of all nations enjoying the *one* Paris in the world, and adventurers hanging out for a dinner or a purse. From thence the Boulevards du Temple and de St. Antoine, what a contrast! a century behind in fashion, the heaviness of the Marais pervading every change, a gravity, save where the murmer tooth-drawer or street dramatist shows off his stale tricks; dogs, toys and trumpery attract the rustic on this spot, whilst remembrance of the temple, the murder of royal victims, the once horrible Bastille, the dismal St. Pelage, and the fury of the revolutionary mob affright the peruser of history, who has read of these parts and who bears the impression in his mind. The Jardin du Roi, plants, rare animals, &c., distract the attention, but all becomes dull after this. Let us fly thence to the Boulevard Mont Parnasse; the name is so classical, the scene so tranquil, there is so much there of

"Rus in Urbe;"

so much retirement for study, such a contrast to the gay commencement of the round first mentioned. I had almost forgotten the difference of dress in the Marais, the stubborn adherence of elderly gentlemen to the *queue*, the pigeon's wing curls, hair powder and the old school, the ladies more solidly dressed, if may I be permitted the expression, their equipages too a little antiquated, and their servants showing by their air that they are old and honest dependants on the family, a thing rare to be met with at the court end of the town. But to return to the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, where issuing from the Luxemburge, law, physic and divinity parade their sober persons, and where the aged *rentier* airs himself and his invalided paralytic poodle, and female antiquites carry their favorite lap-dogs under their arms. *Lachaumiere*, or cottage too—but that merits and shall,

hereafter, have a chapter to itself. Compared with the fashionable Boulevards, those of Mont Parnasse are like another country. And now how does the Boulevard des Invalides change our views! Retirement and musing, broken warriors and mutilated men, the disappointed soldier smoking out the remnant of life, and occasionally the spruce damsel of the inferior classes meeting a half-pay officer, or novice sword; nursery-maids dragging their weary charges at their heels to listen to sergent Laffeur of the royal guard, or corporal La Tulippe's tale of love and glory. You now may cross the water and have the regal Tuileries, or you may turn to the Elysian Fields and enjoy another novelty.

The round now made, what a host of objects and amusement crowd the mind! theatres of all prices, by night and by day; vocal and instrumental concerts; good, bad and indifferent reading rooms; street politicians; letters out of chairs, who carry a living directory in their brain, which they let out with the chair if required, and inform the simple novice where mademoiselle so and so lives. Then you have eating, drinking, smoking, singing and gossiping at all hours, in doors, and out of doors! a hundred pleasure gardens, where, unlike those of London (in which the whole scene or pastime is confined to tea-parties, fat men drinking ale and porter, and a bowling green surrounded by thin poplar, or as the cockney calls them *popular trees*, and erect sun flowers) the greatest variety of objects is invented "to drive dull care away;" here lofty mountains are erected in wood, down which the cabriolet flies like lightning; the venter of *Pereade* bestrides the wooden war horse, and fancies himself *un Brave*; there some modern Leda trusts her beauties to the swan, and is whirled round and round until her head is completely turned; in one place you embark on ship-board and sail through the air, at another the velocipede glides along with a fool upon its back; then the sprightly dance and luring waltz offer their attractions, whilst mirth and love-making constitute the order of the day.

Now the grinder draws from his organ;

C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,  
Qui fait le monde à la ronde;  
Et chaque jour, à son tour,  
Le monde fait l'amour.

Can any one conceive a similar accumulation of light hearts and and light spirits, and sometimes of light characters too; but *n'importe*, that disease is not taking, how-

ever taking the possessors may be.—The last and lowest of the materials of this perpetual carnival is pretty games and juggling tricks hung out to catch simplicity, and the numerous billiard tables, where the stranger may bet on either party playing with an *equal* chance of losing his money. One piece of justice must however be rendered to the French metropolis and to this spot, namely, that in the midst of all this revelry, riot and confusion are excluded; there are no street fights or public-house rows, no tap-room quarrels or scenes of intoxication. If the Boulevards existed in London, legions of pick-pockets and other public depredators would render them perfectly unsafe, there would be hustling and all the legerdemain tricks of the ruffian crew: whereas here, if a little in-door private plundering go on, an armed, and military police, with argus eye, overlooks every turn and follows every step of the suspicious character; peace is preserved, and order, if momentarily interrupted, is soon re-established. Gen d'armes on horse-back and on foot are ever at hand, so that punishment must immediately follow the infraction of tranquillity and decorum. No, I repeat it again, there is nothing like the Boulevards elsewhere; description falls short of the thing; it is a book of life, a rare stand for the painter, the poet, the caricaturist, and not unworthy of the historian, or moralist.

#### SHELAH LEA'S LAMENTATION.

*An Ancient Irish Keen.*

Sing the wild *Keen* of my country, ye whose heads bend in sorrow, in the house of the dead! Lay aside the wheel and flax, and sing not in joy, for there's a space left in my cabin! *Oweneen*, the pride of my heart, is not here! did ye not hear the cry of the *Banshee* crossing the lonely *Kilcrun-*  
*per*? Or was there a voice from the tomb, far sweeter than song, that whistled in the mountain wind, and told ye that the young oak was fallen! Yes, he's gone! He went off in the spring of life, like the blossom of the prickly hawthorn, scattered by the merciless wind, on the cold clammy earth; never again will he lift in his clasped hands the cross of the Holy Virgin, or bend his strong limbs before her altar. The *Gorsoons* may hurl now in the mountains, but the strong arm of my *Oweneen* is not there! the cold dew of death is upon it, and his eyes, which were bright lights to his poor mother's soul, are closed and sunk in darkness for ever! The *Banshee* will come on



the morrow, when *ye* are *keening* the last *keen* of sorrow over his head,—its cry will drown your death song, for *Oweneen* was the pride of all! The howl will be heard in the heath, on the mountain, and o'er the grave of his foster brother, who's gone before him. Raise the *keen ye* whose notes are well known, tell your beads *ye* young women who grieve; lie down on his narrow house in mourning, and his spirit will sleep and be at rest! Plant the shamrock and wild fir near his head, that strangers might know who is the fallen! Soon *again* will your *keen* be heard on the mountain, for before the cold sod is clodded over the breast of my *Oweneen*, *Shelah*, the mother of *keeners*, will be there; her voice which before was loud and plaintive, will be *still* and *silent*, like the ancient harp of her country! Let the long green grass grow thickly near the graves of my forefathers, that the little mountain daisy might not sprout up alone—let *Elleen Bawn*, the best of all *keeners*, lay me clean on my death-bed, that the *last* of the Ryans might go in peace to her grave. See that the *lights* at my *wake* be as many as my grey hairs, which I'll carry in pride to my tomb; for I am *Shel h-Lea* the grey headed *keener*.—The *Pillabreen-muck* will scream round my cabin door, when your song of grief was singing. There will be lights seen dancing on *Carratheanna*, and moving quickly across the wet bog, but let *ye* not follow, for the evil spirit is the guide, and will lead you to darkness. Come to my grave when the yellow leaves off the trees are upon it, and say, "rest the soul of *Shelah* the *keener*! whose tongue is now silent in the place where the rain nor the storms cannot enter." Take your rounds at my headstone, count your beads that my ghost might be quiet in the shroud, that was made by *Elleen*. There's a tree in *Kilcrumper* that hangs over the lonely, in its branches the dark bird of night *keens* the whole night long. I go there when *Shain Ogen* has done plowing, when the bat flaps its wings round the hill, when all is dark as the silence of night. Once I went as the moon shone upon the bed of my *Oweneen*,—the grey stone that marked his head was bright, yet my soul was as dark as before. Moss and weeds flourished around me, and the wind was not heard on the hill; there was a voice from the furze-break close by me, that howled like a funeral *keen*; and I knew that the *Banshee* had warning that *Shelah* was soon to come there. The croak of the raven was heard thrice in the barn that *Oweneen* built, and I felt I soon would

be borne to the grave of my WHITE-HEADED BOY.

#### FRENCH MANNERS—ECARTE.

Who has not heard that the French nation is the politest in the world? hundreds have affirmed it, and thousands have echoed the assertion. Ask the French themselves, and surely they ought to know; they will tell you that no nation can vie with France in point of politeness and elegance of manners; this idea took root under the reign of Louis XIV: it was grounded, and it was too high a compliment not to be appropriated even after they had no title to it; but why should we blame them? *Le Francais est ne royalist*, and they only imitate royal customs. The Kings of England were *Kings of France* from Henry V. to 1801, when the First Consul would not allow them to be so any longer; and they still style themselves defenders of a *faith* that even an exciseman is compelled to abjure. Charles X. is the king of France and *Navarre*, and Ferdinand VII. will not abate an iota of the title of king of Spain and the *Indies*! Then why should the French give up the flattering unction of "the politest nation in the world," even when a Robespierre and a Marat were grand masters of the ceremonies to the nation?

This politeness, this elegance of manners, for which the French are proverbial, *did* exist before the revolution, but fled affrighted from the soil of France at its approach; irreligion, vulgarity, and obscenity supplied its place; the dregs of the nation rose to be its governors, and they brought with them the rudeness and vulgarity of their manners. To have the manners of a gentleman at this period, was alone sufficient to send a man to the scaffold as an aristocrat; and if a person wished to keep a head on his shoulders, he was obliged to conform to the customs of the "sovereign people," go in rags and dirt, swear like the mob, and murder his language like those who confounded moods, tenses, numbers and genders. This *enlightened* period did not last long, yet it did not fail to leave traces of its existence. A new order of society arose, partly modelled on that anterior to the revolution, but the elements were not the same. Society, from the lowest ranks to the highest, was all composed of the same materials; persons of the lowest extraction were eligible to the first offices of the state. There was only one order in society, and the aristocracy of riches usurped the honors for-

merly paid to birth. "My plan, my fortune, my place, these are my titles to consideration." From these elements a new nobility was created, rivalling in every thing the old, save elegance of manners; Napoleon discovered with pain the truth of our James the First's expression, that a king may make a man a lord, but cannot make him a gentleman. None was more sensibly affected at this than the empress Josephine, for the "ladies" of the court were more ridiculous in their efforts to ape good manners than the men.

The manners and habits of their origin never left them; and as they associated but little with the old nobility returned from emigration, the manners of the French will long remain in point of good breeding below par, and ages yet to come will see a Frenchman, who even fancies himself well bred, pick his teeth with his knife, and then carve you a wing of a chicken with it. Instead of the graceful advance, and still more graceful inclination of the person, with which a gentleman formerly saluted a lady, a Frenchman of the modern school hurries up to her, puts all his members in the position of a fowl trussed for boiling, and makes what an old courtier very properly calls a *dislocated bow*, with a violence that makes a lady tremble, lest the head should fly off the shoulders of the automaton.

If the matter ended here, the thing would be only ludicrous; but unfortunately the system is carried on through all the ramifications of society. In their entertainments profusion is mistaken for elegance, and cost for taste. The sex, which has the first homage wherever good breeding presides, is completely neglected in French society. They formerly caricatured with justice the English, who remained at table to get drunk, and left the ladies to pass the evening alone. It is now our turn, for in modern French society, the moment after coffee has been served, card-tables are brought, and *ecarte*, a short game played by two, but on which any number can bet, is introduced, all the men flock round the tables, there is no longer any society or conversation, and the ladies are left to amuse themselves as they can, for it is rare indeed that a male will join them; so that to pass the evening, one of the ladies goes to the piano, and plays a waltz or a quadrille, and the dancers are obliged to choose *dames* for their cavaliers.

Now look on this picture and on that, and say if the French nation be not the politest

nation in the world, and the school for Mr. Juan Bull to learn manners at!

#### DEAN SWIFT'S BALLAD ON A MURDER.

In the year 1726, Catherine Hayes murdered her husband, under circumstances of the most horrible description. After she and two men who were her accomplices, had killed him with a hatchet, they cut off his head and threw it into the Thames, in order to conceal their crime; but God, who seeth in secret, made the murder manifest, and all the parties were taken. One of the men, Wood, died in prison the other, Billings, was executed, and then hung in chains. Catherine Hays was condemned to be burnt, and on the day of execution being brought to the stake, was chained thereto with an iron chain, running round her waist, and under her arms, and a rope round her neck, which was drawn through a hole in the post; then the faggots, intermixed with light brushwood and straw, being piled all around her, the executioner put fire thereto in several places, which immediately blazing out, as soon as the same reached her, she with her arms pushed down those which were before her, when she appeared in the middle of the flames as low as the waist; upon which the executioner got hold of the end of the cord which was round her neck, and pulled it tight in order to strangle her, but the fire soon reached his hand and burned it, so that he was obliged to let it go again; more faggots were immediately thrown upon her, and in about three or four hours she was reduced to ashes. Horrible as this murder was, and the annals of crime scarcely present its parallel, Dean Swift made it the subject of a punning ballad, of which the following is a copy.

#### A SONG ON THE MURDER OF MR. HAYES.

*To the tune of Cherry Chase.*

In Tyburn road a man there liv'd  
A just and honest life;  
And there he might have liv'd still,  
If so had pleased his wife.  
Full twice a day to church he went,  
And so devout would be,  
Sure never was a saint on earth,  
If that no saint was he!  
This vex'd his wife unto the heart,  
She was of wrath so full,  
That finding no hole in his coat,  
She pick'd one in his skull.  
But then her heart 'gan to relent,  
And griev'd she was so sore;  
That quarter to him for to give,  
She cut him into four.

All in the dark and dead of night,  
These quarters she convey'd;  
And in a ditch at Marybone  
His marrow-bones she laid.

His head at Westminster she threw,  
All in the Thames so wide;  
Says she, my dear, the wind sets fair,  
And you may have the tide.

But heaven, whose power no limit knows  
On earth, or on the main,  
Soon caused his head to be thrown  
Upon the land again.

The head being found, the justices  
Th'ir heads together laid;  
And all agreed there must have been  
Some body to this head.

But since nobody could be found,  
High in mind on a shelf,  
They set up his head to be  
A witness for itself.

Next, that his coward was,  
The case itself explains,  
For no man could cut off his head,  
And throw it in the Thames.

Ere many days had gone and past,  
The deed at length was known,  
And Cath'rine she confess'd, at last  
The fact to be her own.

God prosper long our noble King,  
Our lives and safeties all,  
And grant that we may warning take  
By Cath'rine Hayes's fall.

#### THE MEDUSE.

The Polar sea has a peculiar color, which is caused by the medusa, and other minute animals. They are most abundant in the sea water, which is of an olive green color. Captain Scoresby, during one of his voyages to the Arctic regions, examined a quantity of the olive green sea water, and found the medusa immense. They were about a fourth of an inch asunder.— In this proportion a cubic inch of water would contain 64; a cubic foot 110,592; a cubic fathom 23,887,872, and a cubic mile about 23,888,000,000,000. From soundings made in the situation where these animals were found, it is probable the sea is more than a mile in depth, but whether these substances occupy the whole depth is uncertain. Provided, however, the depth to which they extend be but 250 fathoms, the above immense number of one species may occur in a space of two miles square. It may give a better conception of the amount of medusæ in this extent, if we calculate the length of time that would be requisite for a certain number of per-

sons to count this number. Allowing that one person could count a million in seven days, which is barely possible, it would have required that 80,000 persons should have started at the creation of the world to complete the enumeration at the present time.

What a stupendous idea does this fact give of the immensity of creation! But if the number of animals in a space of two miles square be so great, what must be the amount requisite for discoloring the sea through an extent of twenty or thirty thousand miles.

#### HENRIETTA OF ENGLAND.

Henrietta, the daughter of Charles the First, and the first wife of Monsieur, brother to the King of France, was poisoned. On the morning of her death d'Efflat, a creature of the Chevalier Lorraine, who had been driven from the Duke's service by Madame, was seen rubbing the inside of a cup with paper, out of which Madame was accustomed to drink. About twelve o'clock she called for some endive water; after drinking it out of the cup, she cried out that she was poisoned. She was put to bed and expired in the greatest torments an hour or two after midnight. The poison must have been of the most violent and subtle nature, for the cup was obliged to be passed through the fire before it could be again used with safety. The ghost of Madame was said to wander for a considerable time after about a fountain in the Park of St. Cloud; and a laquais of Mareschal Clerambault, who saw a white figure near the spot one night, which rose up at his approach, fled in the utmost alflight towards the house, protested most solemnly that he had seen the shade of Madame, took to his bed and died.

#### MURDER IN RUSSIA.

An extraordinary murder was lately committed at Petersburg. The servant of a family, on going into the kitchen, found a basket containing an infant, together with a letter and purse of 200 roubles. The letter escaped her notice, and, tempted by the money, the inhuman wretch resolved to destroy the child. She threw it into the large stove used in that country, where the poor innocent was speedily consumed, the money secreted, and every thing likely to lead to suspicion put away, by the time that the family, which had been abroad, returned home. The master, however, a humane and respectable man, by accident found the letter, which informed him of the deposit, and stated that he should receive 200 rous-



bles every quarter while the infant, whom circumstances forced its parents to conceal, lived under his charge. He called up the servant, who at first denied all knowledge of the fact; but being closely questioned at last confessed her crime, to the enormity of which the ashes from the stove bore horrible testimony.—She was committed to prison, and paid her forfeit life to the laws.

#### DEAFNESS CURED.

It is mentioned in a German Journal, that in 1750, a merchant of Cleves, named Jorissen, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord, where some persons were playing, and having a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested against the body of the instrument, was agreeably surprised to hear all the notes in the most distinct manner.—By a little reflection and practice he obtained the use of this valuable sense, which as Bonnee says, connects us with the moral world; for he soon learned by means of a piece of hard wood, one end of which he placed against his teeth, to keep up a conversation, and to be able to understand the least whisper. He soon afterwards made his beneficial discovery the subject of an inaugural dissertation, published at Halle, in 1754. Perotie has given some excellent observations on the capability of hard bodies to conduct sound, in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Turin*, for 1796 and 1791. The effect is the same if the person who speaks rests the stick against his throat or his breast; or when one rests the stick which he holds in his teeth against some vessel into which the other speaks.

#### FASHIONABLE RAT.

In December 1815, a full grown rat was caught in a shop here, the neck of which was found to be embellished with the very unusual decoration of two finger rings; these were of the description manufactured as baubles for children, and were fancifully disposed round the neck of the animal, the stone of one gracing the breast, while that of the other adorned the centre of the neck behind. Conjecture is at a loss to account for the circumstance of the rat becoming so oddly equipped: the rings were so small as to be even less than half the circumference of the head and the skin around the neck, exposed to the tight friction of the rings, had become completely excoriated; beneath them the hair was entirely worn off, and the flesh protruded in some parts over the rings. This sufficiently indicates that the poor animal must have become

possessed of this piece of troublesome finery when very young, and leads to the conclusion of the rings having been stolen by the parent rat and carried to her nest, where, by a singular fatality, this one of her progeny might have put its head severally through both, and been afterwards unable to extricate itself from either. It is well known that these animals are extremely fond of trinkets, and in the present case, several rings of the same description had been, at some distance of time, missed from the shop where the rat was caught. It having been killed in the taking, a gentleman in town had it stuffed, which has been admirably performed by an ingenious mechanic in Large, of the name of Wilson, and it is now in the possession of the former.

#### THE FAKERS' ROCK AT JANGURA.

It is distant about two hundred yards from the right bank of the Ganges, immediately opposite to the village of Sultangunge. It rises about seventy feet above the level of the water, towering abruptly from its bosom! There is one place only at which a boat can approach, and where there is a landing place, and a very steep and winding path leading to its summit. Here is found a small building, a *madassa*, or college of Fakeers, or wandering monks, who reside in it. This remarkable rock has doubtless been of more consequence at some remote period than at present; for, on examining its abrupt and weather-worn side, by passing round it in a boat, a variety of sculpture, comprising the principal Hindoo deities, men and animals, is seen covering nearly the whole face of the cliff. The same may be observed on the opposite shore of Sultangunge. Some of these figures are tolerably executed, but the greater part are rudely and grotesquely designed, and point out their origin to have been very remote. The whole forms a pretty object as you run in a boat; and the thick and luxuriant foliage which crowns the summit adds much to the effect of the picture.

#### GROANING TREE IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

I have a letter by me, says Clarke in his "Looking Glass," dated July 7, 1696, written by one Ralph Bovy, to a godly minister in London, wherein he thus writes:—

"Touching news, you shall understand, that Mr. Sherwood hath received a letter from Mr. Arthur Hildersam, which containeth this subsequent narrative: viz: that at Brampton, in the parish of Toksey,

near Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire, an ash tree shaketh in body and boughs thereof, sighing and groaning like a man troubled in his sleep, as if it felt some sensible torment. Many have climbed to the top of it, who have heard the groans more easily than they could below. But one among the rest, being on the top thereof, spake to the tree, but presently came down much aghast, and lay grovelling on the earth three hours speechless: in the end, reviving he said, Brampton, Brampton, thou art much bound to pray. The Earl of Lincoln caused one of the arms of the ash to be lopped off, and a hole to be bored through the body, and then was the sound or hollow voice heard more audibly than before, but in a kind of speech which they could not comprehend."

#### SILKWORM.

In a communication to the Society of Arts and Manufactures, it is stated, by Miss Henrietta Rhodes, that one line of the silkworm, when unwound, measured 141 yards, and, when dry, weighed three grains.—Hence it follows, that one pound avoirdupois of the thread, as spun by the worm, may be extended into a line 535 miles long and that a thread which would encompass the earth, would weigh no more than forty-seven pounds.

#### PETRIFYING SPRING AT LUTTERWORTH.

Near the town of Lutterworth in Leicestershire, is the celebrated petrifying spring, the water of which is exceedingly cold, and so strongly impregnated with petrifying particles, that in a very little time, it converts wood and several other substances into stone.

#### SINGULAR DENTITION.

A female, of the name of Mary Thompson, residing at Little Smeaton, near Pontefract, at the advanced age of *ninety-six* years, has, within a few months back, cut four new teeth. The last tooth perforated the gum about six weeks ago.

#### CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

The period of the festivities of Christmas, which continues in Sweden till the 6th of January, is dedicated to universal rejoicings. Presents are made, the receivers of which are required to guess the givers. The people have also a custom of knocking at each other's doors at this season: this has passed from Sweden into Pomrania. On the 21th of December a crier solemnly proclaims the peace of Christmas—(Julia-

fred). In virtue of this, the punishment of all offences against social order is double that incurred at any other period of the year. This Proclamation of the Peace of Christmas is a custom of great antiquity, and extends over the whole kingdom, and nothing is suffered to disturb the tranquillity of the season. Symbols of this rite are to be discovered on the old Runic stones.

## POETRY.

Welcome again to Norma.—*Ed.*  
FOR THE GAZETTE AND ATHENEUM.  
HEARTS.

"Let them revel on," the Patriarch said,  
His white beard swept his aged breast,  
One arm around a trembling maid,  
The other to his bosom press'd—

"Let them revel on my child, till all  
Their sinful hearts can ask is given,  
Then deep and bitterly will fall  
Thy bolts of wrath, eternal heaven.

"Thy prayer and sigh, oh, Israel,  
Will not for aye be raised in vain,  
Our God will snap the fiendish spell,  
And victory be ours again."

But who was he, that aged one,  
And who was she, that trembled on  
His feeble arm, and half express'd  
Her fond belief, that hours of rest  
And happiness were yet for them;  
And peace for thee—Jerusalem—  
Well might they ask, who gazed on thee,  
Thou fairest of mortality—  
Seraph-like, as the marble form  
That claim'd the young Italian's love,  
And only ask'd a spirit warm  
To fit it for the courts above—  
Warm as young hearts should be, each glance  
Of her dark eye her soul reveal'd,  
Such eyes as 'neath the fairy trance  
Of midnight visions are conceal'd.  
They were of Abraham's line, but now  
No longer seem'd the Almighty brow  
To bend in smiles—their holiest place  
Had bow'd before a stranger race,  
Chains manacled both sire and son,  
Their altar's holy light was gone,  
And proudly the Assyrian trod  
Where they had knelt to worship God.  
And could that maid so kind, so young,  
Forget the starless clouds that hung  
O'er her and her's, forget how bled  
Her brethren 'neath the stranger's tread,  
Forgetful of the holy ire  
That would have roused her Jewish sire—  
And listening to the stranger's word,  
Dare smile upon Assyria's Lord—  
Alas—if love had entered there,  
Its penance was remorse—despair.

Hearts were not made to beat alone,  
They wither in cold solitude;

Oh, for some kind congenial one  
Upon that desert to intrude—  
And as the Ivy clings around  
The fairest things most tenderly,  
But should no lovely one be found,  
Will rather clasp the Upas tree,  
Then sink upon the chilly ground;  
So when denied the heavenly beam  
That lit our fancy's brightest dream,  
We grasp in haste a phantom flame,  
And fondly think we hold the same.

No wonder, as young Haidah told  
The simple story of her sire,  
And that young chieftain warm and bold,  
Gazed on her dark eye's kindling fire,  
As 'neath the moonbeam's light they stood,  
No wonder in that hour they could  
Almost forget how far apart  
Had fortune sunder'd heart from heart.

"Chieftain—think not we'll always bow  
In wretchedness and shame so low,  
Oh, Judah, thou the chosen one  
Of all below Jehovah's throne—  
Thy God will yet!"—"Your God, poor maid,  
Where is the God ye boast—  
Your kinsmen slain—your land betray'd,  
The very shrine ye knelt at lost—  
Oh, no young dreamer—well might he  
That look'd upon thy witchery,  
Deem thee a favorite of the sky—  
But never—come my sybil fly  
To Shinar's paradise with me,  
Come—thou my idol deity."

"No, no, I would not link thy fate  
With one so lone and desolate;  
No, thine be wealth, and power, and love,  
And I'll be thine in Heaven above."  
"Thou shalt be mine even now, yes here,"  
Exclaim'd the Chief, "to-morrow's dawn  
Will see our foe's glittering spear,  
Of all its boasted honors shorn,  
Then with a laurel bright I'll come  
And bear thee to a fairer home."

The foe came on—and morning saw  
That chieftain lifeless in his gore—  
Die! 'tis the very hour to die  
When heart for heart beats joyously,  
Ere cold distrust and scorn may creep  
Where love and hope their vigils keep.

They say the spirit, ere it tries  
Its union in its native skies,  
One little moment hovers o'er  
The lifeless form it lov'd before;  
But chieftain, if to thee 'twere given,  
To linger from thy native heaven,  
How swiftly, fondly would have flown  
Thy eagle spirit to that one,  
That worship'd one, who was to thee  
The starlight of thy destiny;  
Who half had wished, in fear and shame,  
Thy God and her's had been the same,  
And by whose side thyself could dare

Count God, fame—kingdom, nothing there—  
That one to whom was fondly given  
Thy last thoughts on that bloody even—  
Haidah, say, where wert thou? oh, when  
My form shall pass to earth again  
And chill the life-blood mantling now—  
Then, then upon my clay cold brow  
May one kind being drop a tear  
As warm, as heartfelt, as sincere,  
As thy young soul in secret gave,  
To him that slumbers in the grave. *NORNA.*

THE WANDERER'S RETURN,  
A BALLAD.

"I came to the place of my birth, and I asked,  
'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and  
an Echo replied, 'Where are they?'"  
*Arabic MS.*

To the scenes of my childhood,  
When years had departed,  
To my haunts in the wild wood  
With fondness I came;  
But though hope smiled before me,  
I felt heavy hearted,  
One sad thought came o'er me,  
Ah! were they the same?  
In many a sally  
The brook flow'd unalter'd,  
The glen and the vally  
Still stood in their pride;  
But the friends of my youth,  
Ah! where are they? I falter'd;  
Where are they? where are they?  
An echo replied.

Mute nature still flourish'd  
In all her first beauty;  
But the fond hearts that nourish'd  
My young hopes had flown;  
The ties I had cherish'd  
Of friendship and duty  
With them, sadly perish'd,  
For ever were gone!  
And, ere, scarce pass'd over  
Youth's few years of sorrow,  
For me, some lone rover  
In friendship may sigh;  
Where is he? the bard  
Whose wild strains cheer'd each morrow,  
Where is he? Where is he?  
Will echo reply!

## SONNET.

I look'd upon the bust of Love you sent  
For comfort; but the shy and sulky boy  
Turn'd his cold face away, if no joy,  
No hope were his to give me: sadly bent  
To inflict, instead, un pitying punishment,  
He seem'd:—again, more fix'd regards employ  
My scrutiny; and lo! smiles, faint and coy,  
Peep round his playful mouth. Say is it meant  
That Love repels with frowns our first appeals  
For favour; but if faithful we maintain  
Our hearts, he then relentingly reveals  
His smiles, and gradual all our will we gain.  
Is this the Love which you love, Isabel?  
And did he come to me this truth to tell?



## GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2.

TO C. G. V. R. . . . . OF GREENBUSH.

"Virtus, recludens inuicem mori  
Ceterum, negata tunc at iter via;  
Ceterisque vulgares, et adam  
Spernit humum fugiente penna."

*Horace, Lib. III. Al. 2.*

We were young when first we met  
In our days of reckless joy,  
When the ore of life as yet  
Was unmingled with alloy.

Those were days of revelry,  
Such as never shall again  
Shed their light on thee and me,  
We are altered—we are men.

And the strong and stirring trial  
Of the world awaits us now,  
Patience, toil, and self-denial,  
Graver heart and sterner brow

Must be ours—the idle dream  
Of our morning-tide is o'er,  
Wild romance and fancy's gleam  
Must entice us nevermore!

There are wreaths that must be won  
Whatsoever the toil or cost—  
There's a race that must be run  
Where the negligent are lost.

But the prize—the lofty prize  
Of imperishable Fame!  
How it wakes the energies  
To a warm and genial flame.

How it glitters from afar,  
Proud ambition's cynosure!  
Being's best and brightest star  
In unborrowed glory pure!

We will reach it—hate and guile  
Will beset us, fierce and long,  
Keen-eyed envy, fair-browed wife,  
And detraction's adder-tongue.

Nerved and bold then be each breast,  
As our aim is just and great,  
In affliction not depressed,  
Nor in triumph too elate—

Self-approve and self-sustained  
Let true honor be our own,  
And until the prize is gained  
Be our watch-word ever "ON."

J. G. B.

*Shakspeare.*—May we be forgiven for making a note on Shakspeare, in addition to the tenthousand already made by his commentators. In Richard III, the messenger of Lord Stanley tells Lord Hastings that his master had dreamed

"The boar had razed off his helm,  
Beside, he says, there are two councils held." &c.  
"Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,

If presently you will take horse with him,  
And with all speed post with him toward the north.  
To shun the danger that his soul divines."

Lord Hastings makes light of Stanley's foreboding dream, jokes about the boar, and in a little while is shorter by a head than he wishes to be. Lord Stanley's dream was not the coinage of Shakspeare's fancy. In an ancient family-history of the House of Stanley, in our possession, the writer mentions the death of Hastings, and adds—  
"At the same time, one of the soldier's struck at Lord Stanley with a halbert, and had he not suddenly stooped under the table, to avoid the blow, it had certainly split his head, and as it was he lost much blood; all which might have been prevented, in case the Lord Hastings had given heed to a prophetic dream of the Lord Stanley, the night before; which was, that a boar, with his tusks had so gored and raised them both, that the blood ran about their shoulders; of which he gave the Lord Hastings speedy notice, with an invitation to come away and with him to ride as far as they could that night."

Our worthy annalist says, quaintly enough, that Hastings "was not so fortunate as to regard the warning given him, and so lost his head."

*King Richard.*—"What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?"

*Messenger.*—"My lord, he doth deny to come."

*K. Rich.*—"Off instantly with his son George's head."

We wish that Shakspeare had embodied the stout-hearted baron's answer to Richard's messenger—"That the king might do his pleasure, and if he did put his son George to death, he had more son's alive, and was determined not to come to the king at that time."

*The Army of the Revolution.*—A correspondent wishes to know why the Editors of this country do not advocate the cause of these veterans. We can assure him that there is no lack of good will on the part of Editors to these abused men, but all the pens in creation would never persuade an American congress to do justice to the patriots of '76. Look at the fate of the gallant St. Clair, of Stark, of Barton, nay, of all that band of heroes:—remember the story of the just and upright Robert Morris, and hope nothing from republican gratitude.

*Commodore Rogers.*—Much fault is found with this officer for interchanging civilities with the Captain Pacla. For ourselves, we see no impropriety in all this—the courtesies of life will be exhibited by a man of good breeding, even towards an enemy, if that enemy be respectable. A man should never forget his manners.

*Theatrical.*—Mr. Kean's Richard attracted a crowd as usual, to the Park Theatre. He appeared to suffer from physical debility, and was almost exhausted during the fifth act. But though his frame was languid, his eye and his cheek were not; his high genius shone in both. His low, subdued moanings on the couch, when the spirits

of his victim's head frantically over him, his frenzied rush from his unquiet pillow, his appalled look and attitude of horror, his gradual return to consciousness and reason—all these were in his best style. We understand that Kean is going to England this month; we are sorry for it; we are selfish enough to wish that we could retain him here always.

*Rights of Woman.*—In Pennsylvania (we forget our town) there is a lady who is post-mistress, or post-mistress, to speak grammatically. This is nothing to the old times in England. Margaret, countess of Richmond, was a justice of the peace! So was lady Bartlett, in Queen Mary's time. Lady Havis held the honor of Esigars-ton, on condition of conducting the vanguard of the king's army, as often as he should go to Wales with one, and on returning to bring up the rear guard. Her husband had the post of danger and of glory in both cases. The lady Anne, countess of Pembroke, was hereditary sheriff of Westmoreland, and lady Broughton was keeper of the Gate House Prison. At present, the baroness Wilkingsby de Hoesley (lady Glyde) is joint hereditary Grand Chamberlain of England.

*"I will have no husband—no."*—In the reign of King Stephen, the countess of Chester gave five hundred marks of silver for the king's permission to remain unmarried five years! ("ne capiat virum in five annos.") The kings of England were wont to send spoils away over the hands of their fair subjects, giving them to whomsoever they pleased. We opine, however, that the royal revenue was never filled to overflowing by such contributions as the lady's above-mentioned.

*"Variety is charming."*—The Duke of Leinster, tired of fashionable life, has taken to cutting down the trees in his own park. If this argues little refinement in the descendant of the Fitzgeralds, it is at all events a very harmless whim for a man of 20,000*l.* per annum.

*Honor.*—Henry Glapthorne, a forgotten genius who flourished in the time of Charles the First, says,

"The stars,  
Like stragglers, wander by successive cause  
To various seats, yet constantly revisit  
The place they move from; the phoenix, whose  
Sweetness  
Becomes her sepulchre, ascends again  
Vested in younger feathers, from the pile  
Of spey ashes; but man's honor lost,  
Is irrecoverable; the force of fate cannot revive it."

*Handsome Compliment.*—When Admiral Anson captured the French fleet, in the Pacific, Monsieur de la Jonquiere presented his sword to the victor, and pointing to two of his ships, said—  
"Monsieur, vous avez vaincu *L'Invincible*, et *La Gloire* vous suit."

*To Correspondents.*—"W. C. C." shall appear next week—"R. R." never.

## MISCELLANY.

## THE CORNISH MURDER.

Lill, the author of the tragedy of *George Barnwell*, wrote another tragedy called the "Fatal Curiosity," which was founded on the following dreadful murder.

"In September, Anno Christi 1618, there lived a man at Perin in Cornwall, who had been blessed with an ample possession and fruitful issue, unhappy only in a younger son, who, taking liberty from his father's bounty, joined with a crew like himself, who, weary of the land, went roving to sea, and, in a small vessel, southward made prize of all whom they could master; and so increased in wealth, number, and strength, that in the Straits they adventured upon a Turkish man of war, where they got great booty; but their powder by mischance taking fire, our gallant, trusting to his skilful swimming, got to shore upon the Isle of Rhodes, with the best of his jewels about him; where, after a while, offering some of them for sale to a Jew, he knew them to be the governor's of Algiers, whereupon he was apprehended, and for a pirate condemned to the galleys, among other Christians, whose miserable slavery made them use their wits to recover their former liberty, and accordingly watching the opportunity, they slew some of their officers, and valiantly released themselves. After which this young man got on board an English ship, and came safe to London, where the experience he had acquired in surgery preferred him to be servant to a surgeon, who after a while sent him to the East Indies; there, by his diligence and industry he got money, with which he returned home; and longing to see his native country, Cornwall, in a small ship from London, he sailed westward; but ere he attained his port, he was cast away on that coast; where, once more, his excellent skill in swimming brought him safe to shore. But then, having been fifteen years absent, he understood that his father was much decayed in his estate, and had retired himself to live privately, in a place not far off, being indeed in debt and in danger.

"His sister he finds married to a mercer, a meaner match than her birth promised. To her he first appears as a poor stranger, but after a while privately reveals himself to her, shewing her what jewels and gold he had concealed in a bow-case about him; and concluded that the next day he intended to appear to his parents, yet to keep his disguise, till she and her husband should

come thither, to make their common joy complete.

"Being come to his parents, his humble behaviour, suitable to his poor suit of clothes, melted the old couple into so much compassion, as to give him shelter from the cold season, under their outward roof; and by degrees, his stories of his travels and sufferings, told with so much passion to the aged people, made him their guest so long by the kitchen fire, that the husband bade them good night, and went to bed. Soon after, his true stories working compassion in the weaker vessel she wept, and so did he; but withal taking pity on her tears, comforted her with a piece of gold which gave her assurance that he deserved a lodging, which she afforded him. He shewed her his wealth, which he told her was sufficient to relieve her husband's wants, and to spare for himself; and so being weary, he fell asleep.

"The old woman being tempted with the golden bait she had received, and greedily thirsting after the enjoyment of the rest, she went to her husband, and awaking him, presented him with this news, and her contrivance what further to do; and though with horrid apprehensions he oft refused, yet her pawning eloquence (Eve's enchantment) moved him at last to consent, and to raise to be master of all that wealth, by murdering the owner thereof; which accordingly they did, and withal, covered the corpse with clothes, till opportunity served for their carrying of it away.

"The early morning hastens the sister to her father's house, where with signs of great joy, she inquires for a sailor that should lodge there the last night. The old folks at first denied that they had seen any such, till she told them that he was her brother, and lost brother, and she knew assuredly, by a scar upon his arm, cut with a sword in his youth, and they were resolved to meet there the next morning and be merry.

"The father hearing this, hastily runs up into the room, and finding the mark, as his daughter had told him, with horrid regret for this monstrous murder of his own son, with the same knife he killed him, he cut his own throat. The mother, soon after going up to consult with her husband what to do, in a strange manner beholding them both weltering in blood, wild and agashed, finding the instrument at hand, readily stabs herself.

"The daughter wondering at their delay in returning seeks for them, whom she found out too soon, and with the sad sight

of this bloody scene, being overcome with horror and amazement for this deluge of destruction, she sank down and died, the fatal end of the family. The truth of these things was soon made known, and quickly flew to King James' court, clad with these circumstances; but the imprinted relation conceals their names, in favor of some neighbor of repute and kin to the family.

## RHIGA, THE GREEK.

The Greek Insurgents have raised their country to a new distinction before the eyes of Europe. The war has exhibited a perseverance and a valor eminently honorable to the Grecian name. The original movers of the contest have nevertheless passed away, and their influence and popular impulses have passed away with them. Who now talks of the Ipsilantis? They were the touchwood that fell in the dry forest, and has been long burnt to ashes, while the vast conflagration has been spreading over branch and trunk—from mountain to mountain—throughout the land. In other revolutions, the struggle has been guided and fought out by some extraordinary person taking the lead by common acquiescence, and giving, in his pre-eminent talent, zeal, experience, and intrepidity, clear proof that he was the destined leader. But in Greece no man of this surpassing mental stature has stood forth—no name has been lifted up which Greece may follow as a conquering sign in the darkness and confusion of her battle.

And yet one man has appeared and passed away, whose memory ought not to be forgotten—the prophet, and almost the martyr of Grecian independence—destined, if there be gratitude in his nation, to be registered on the same marble with the heroes and patriots of her noblest age.

Rhiga was born in Thessaly about the middle of the last century. The Greek slave had no alternative but that of becoming a merchant, a sailor, or a priest; and Rhiga, a man of education and family, chose to be a merchant. He prospered, and with his prosperity his knowledge was enlarged. The habit of commercial correspondence naturally acquainted him with the superiority of foreign nations in literature, general science, and political privilege. The abject and forlorn contrast of Greece struck with additional force upon the mind of this accomplished and intelligent man, and he gradually collected round himself a number of individuals chiefly engaged in commerce, and like him forced to make the comparison between the flou-



riching state of foreign nations, and the depression of Greece under the Turks. The French Revolution involving all Europe in a war of arms and opinions, gave a new impulse to Rhiga and his associates, and determined them to effect the overthrow of the Ottoman tyranny. But what in France was an infuriate and godless hatred against all law and liberty, was in Greece, a solemn and courageous devotion of gallant lives and enlightened understandings to the cause of their fellow men. The fiery burst that rose from the conflagration of the altar and the throne, was softened to a salutary and cheering light as it fell on the shadows and depths of the Greek dungeon.

To sustain and give a system to this honorable and expanding patriotism, Rhiga left Bucharest, and fixed himself at Vienna; from which city he kept up a more secure intercourse with the well wishers to Greek freedom throughout the world. He now translated into modern Greek a series of works applicable to his purpose of invigorating and instructing the national spirit—"The Travels of Anacharsis," "A Treatise on Military Tactics," &c. But he signalized his genius and zeal still more by the composition of a crowd of patriotic songs, poetical and animating in the highest degree, and which are still among the favorite war songs of the soldiery.

But this manly reformer did not limit his efforts to the excitement of popular passion. He appealed to the calmer knowledge and general interest of Europe, by publishing a twelve-sheet map of Greece, containing, in addition to the modern names, those of all the spots memorable in its ancient history. No other country on earth could produce a record so illustrious—This great and costly performance, which at once gave him a place among the literary men of Europe, and among the wisest and most generous champions of his own unhappy country, was produced at his own expense and that of a few of his friends.

But he lived in a dangerous time, and under a government jealous of such labors and virtues. The influence of the Porte was exerted, and it unhappily prevailed with the Austrian ministry. In 1798, Rhiga and his associates were denounced as conspirators infected with French principles, and exciting a general revolution.—Whether by the connivance of the government or by the activity of his friends, Rhiga was enabled to escape from Vienna; but he was arrested at Trieste, where, in horror of being delivered up to the Turks, he attempted to put an end to his life. He

was finally, to the disgrace of Austria, abandoned with five of his fellow patriots, and given into the hands of the Turkish emissaries to be conveyed to Constantinople. The seizure of this living spirit of the insurrection extinguished it for the time; it had extended deep and far, and the Hospodar of Wallachia was to have taken up arms on the first signal from Greece. On the news of Rhiga's arrest, the Hospodar fled, and took refuge in France; the association broke up; and the day of retribution was delayed, perhaps only for a fiercer revenge.

The single entreaty of Rhiga and his unfortunate companions was, to be put to death on the spot, that they might escape the torments that awaited them at Constantinople. They were, however, conveyed across the frontier, and from that time little has been known of them. That they were put to death is not to be doubted, from the ferocity of the Porte; but the mode is variously told. One story states that they were beheaded in Belgrade; another gives them a more unexpected death in the Danube. It is said, that as the escort passed near Widdin, some appearances of tumult among the peasantry or the troops of Paswan Aglou, who was presumed to have been connected with the Greek cause, alarmed the guard, and in fear of a rescue they flung Rhiga and his fellow-prisoners into the river.

Thus perished the illustrious Patriot, in his 45th year—an age in which the mental and bodily powers are in their fullest and most vigorous combination, and when Rhiga had undergone the course of experience and knowledge that might have made him the great leader and legislator of his country. But neither his life nor his untimely death have been in vain.

The Turks looked on this catastrophe as a national triumph, and compelled the Patriarch of Jerusalem to publish a "Paternal Circular to the Greeks," enjoining obedience. This paper was printed at Constantinople. An answer speedily appeared, entitled "A Fraternal Circular to all the Greeks enslaved by the Ottomans." This address, which was worthy of the old eloquence of Greece, and was as bold as it was melancholy and unanswerable, declared, "that the name of the Patriarch had been abused for the purpose of degrading the national spirit; that the indignation of the people against their oppressors was unextinguishable; that war would begin; and that, once begun, it would break the chain and the sceptre of the Ottomans."

#### AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

Tycho Brahe diverted himself with polishing glasses for spectacles, and making mathematical instruments.

D'Audilly, one of the most learned men of the age, cultivated trees; Barclay, the author of "Argories," was a florist; Balzac amused himself with making crayons; Pierce found amusement among his medals and antiquarian curiosities; the Abbe de Marolles with his engravings; and Politian in singing airs to his lute.

Robault wandered from shop to shop to see the mechanics labour.

The great Arnauld read, in his hours of relaxation, any amusing Romance that fell into his hands; thus also did the celebrated Warburton, and the no less celebrated statesman Charles James Fox.

Galileo read Ariosto; and Christiana, Queen of Sweden, Martial.

Guy Patin wrote letters to his friends, as a usual recreation among men of letters. Others have found amusement in composing treatises on odd subjects. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative on Claudian's death. Prenius has written an eulogy on the beards. A gnat formed a subject for the sportive muse of Virgil, and frogs and mice for that of Homer.

Holstein has written an eulogy on the north wind; Heinsius on the ass; Menage the transmigration of the parasitical pedant into a parrot, and also the petition of the Dictionaries.

Erasmus has written a panegyric on Moria, or Folly, which authorised by the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas Moore.

Montaigne found a very agreeable playmate in his cat. Cardinal de Richelieu, amongst all his great occupations, found amusement in violent exercises, and he was once discovered jumping with his servant, to try who could reach the highest side of a wall. De Grammont, observing the Cardinal to be jealous of his powers in this respect, offered to jump with him; and in the true spirit of a courtier, having made some efforts which nearly reached those of the Cardinal, he acknowledged that he was surpassed by him. This was jumping like a politician, and it was by these means, it is said, that he ingratiated himself with the minister.

#### THE TOMB OF ZACHARIAS.

The tomb of Zacharias is square, with four or five pillars, and is cut out of the rock. Near these is a sort of grotto, hewn out of an elevated part of the rock, with four pillars in front, which is said to have

been the apostles' prison at the time they were confined by the rulers. The small and wretched village of Siloa is built on the rugged sides of the hills above; and just here the valleys of Hinnom and Jehosaphat meet at the south-east corner of Mount Zion: they are both sprinkled with olive-trees. Over the ravine of Hinnom, and directly opposite the city, in Mount Judgment, or of Evil Counsel; because there, they say, the rulers took counsel against Christ, and the palace of Caiaphas stood. It is a broad and barren hill, without any of the picturesque beauty of Olivet, though loftier. On its side is pointed out the Aveludana, or field where Judas hung himself: a small and rude edifice stands on it, and it is used as a burying place. But the most interesting portion of this hill, is where its rocks descend precipitously in the valley of Hinnom, and are mingled with many a straggling olive-tree. All these rocks are hewn in sepulchres of various forms and sizes; no doubt they were the tombs of the ancient Jews, and are in general cut with considerable care and skill. They are often the resting place of the benighted passenger. Some of them open into inner apartments, and are provided with small windows or apertures cut in the rock. There is none of the darkness or sadness of the tomb; on the contrary, so elevated and picturesque is the situation, that a traveller may pass hours here with a book in his hand, while valley and hill are beneath and around him. Before the door of one large sepulchre stood a tree on the brink of the rock; the sun was going down on Olivet on the right, and the resting-place of the dead commanded a sweeter scene than any of the abodes of the living. Many of the tombs have flights of steps leading up to them: it was in one of these that a celebrated traveller would fix the site of the holy sepulchre: it is certainly more picturesque, but why more just, is hard to conceive: since the words of scripture do not allow the identity of the sacred tomb to any particular spot, and tradition on so memorable an occasion could hardly err. The Fathers declare, it long since became necessary to cover the native rock with marble, in order to prevent the pilgrims from destroying it, in their zeal to carry off pieces to their homes; and on this point their relation may, one would suppose, be believed.

## A JOVIAL FUGAL.

At Egton near Wharfedale, in July 1768,

died Mr. William Keld, Farmer and Grazier, who, from a small fortune, acquired an estate worth near 30,000*l.* which he generously distributed amongst his poor relations and dependents. At his funeral were expended 110 dozen of penny loaves, eight large hams, eight legs of veal, twenty stone of beef, sixteen stone of mutton, fifteen stone of Cheshire cheese, and thirty ankers of ale, besides what was distributed among a thousand poor people, who had sixpence in money given them.

## FREDERATIONS OF REMOTE EVENTS.

With a mind distracted in all the vulgar legends of supernatural agency, and that upon former principles than I fear most people could assign for its incredulity, I must yet believe that the "soul of the world" has in some instances sent forth mysterious types of our cardinal events, in the great history drama of our planet. One has been noticed by a German author, and it is placed beyond the limits of any rational scepticism; I mean the coincidence between the annals derived from the flight of the twelve cultures as types of the duration of the Roman empire, &c. Western empire, for twelve centuries, and the actual event. This analogy we know to have been recorded many centuries before its consummation; so that no juggling or collusion between the prophets and the witnesses to the final event can be suspected. Some others might be added. At present I shall mention a coincidence from our own history, which, though not so important as to come within the class of prefigurations, I have been alluding to, is yet curious enough to deserve mention. The oak of Beaulieu, and its history, are matter of household knowledge. It is not equally well known, that in a medal struck to commemorate the installation (about 1836) of Charles II. then prince of Wales, as a Knight of the Garter, amongst the decorations was introduced an oak tree with the legend "Sic factura república turbarum."

When the mullet is dying it changes its colours in a very singular manner till it is entirely lifeless. This spectacle was so gratifying to the Romans, that they used to show the fish dying, in a glass vessel, to their guests before dinner.

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July 1.

## THE BLACK LIST.

JOSEPH SAYRE, of Delaware Co. N. Y. is particularly disincensed to pay for the paper.

JULIUS BLACKWELL, of Tioga Co., has neglected to pay for his paper, although written to by our clerk three several times after his year of subscription terminated.

GEORGE THOMAS, St. Lawrence Co. has not paid.

N. B. That there may be no mistake and no unnecessary apprehensions on the subject of the Black List, it is proper to state, that these are subscribers to the *Minerva*, which paper I published about fourteen months ago, and which was incorporated with the *New-York Literary Gazette*, last September. The year of these subscribers expired last April, and due warning has been given to all. Our good subscribers have nothing to fear from the Black List; no name shall be inserted hastily, unadvisedly, or unjustly; but when once inserted there it shall remain.

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